

## Road to Rockville.

We understand the only impediment now to the way of completing the E. & O. Railroad to Rockville, is the difficulty of procuring the right of way over some pieces of land near the corporate limits of this city and in this county. It is a little strange to us, that men owning property through which this road passes, and other property contiguous to it, cannot, at first blush, see that when finished, their lands will be enhanced very much in value. What would the price of lands in this county, and the value of lots in Terre Haute, be, if a railroad ran through the county or by the city? Perhaps less than one-half what they are now selling for. As railroad facilities increase, so increases the value of real estate all over the country. A person may have one piece of land that will be somewhat damaged by a road running directly through it, but at the same time he may have many other pieces whose values are much increased by reason of this same road. Would it then be right, he proper, for him to demand compensation for the damage done to the one piece, while he receives an over balancing benefit from the others? Certainly it would not.

The fact is, no impediment should be thrown in the way of a great public improvement in this way by individuals. All the injury sustained and the advantages derived from the work, should be considered, and then, what is right and just, between the individual and the corporation, done.

We hope it will not have to be said, that this road, which will be of so much advantage to Terre Haute and Vigo county, failed, because the right of way could not be procured on reasonable terms.

## For the Express.

Mr. Editor: I was in town on Saturday and saw in a newspaper the letter of acceptance of Hon. John Bell. Among the good things he will undertake to do, if he is elected President, he says:

"All the powers and influence belonging to my official station shall be employed and directed for the promotion of all the great objects for which the government was instituted, but more especially for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union against all opposing influences and tendencies."

In his speech at Philadelphia directly after he was nominated, Mr. Bell said:

"I could not conceive it to be a fact, which I can, that the large majority of the people, both of the Democratic and the Republican party, were conservative in their feelings—fearing the Union would not do to itself willingly or with premeditation that tended to its destruction or to the introduction of anarchy and the overthrow of our glorious Constitution."

And again:

"I regard the majority of the Republican party and the majority of the Democratic party as devoted to the Constitution and this Union. No, when I come to the conclusion that this is to be doubted, then I shall conclude that it is scarcely worth an effort to preserve the safety of this country."

Mr. Editor, if the large majority of the people, and "the majority of the Republican party and the majority of the Democratic party" are so "devoted" to the Constitution and this Union, please explain to a greenhorn the necessity of a party "especially" to protect the Constitution and the Union, and also inform him where the dangerous "opposing influences and tendencies" are to come from.

## COUNTRY JAKE.

A PORTRAIT OF HAMLIN.—One of the country, Illinois, editors who went to Washington was presented to Mr. Hamlin. Here is the result:

"Mr. Trumbull gave us an introduction to our next Vice President, Senator Hamlin. He is rather a low man, well proportioned, good head, rather round, exterior, black hair, slightly bald, with a very heavy eyebrow, and a noble form—intelligent looking man, and all who know him seem to honor and almost worship him. Since we became more familiar with his character, we are more than ever convinced that we have just the right man, Lincoln and Hamlin."

Some one expressed themselves as being believing that Providence directed in the nomination of the Chicago ticket, and Colfax says that when Providence undertakes a case he is of great assistance.

A DEMOCRATIC OPINION OF INDIANA.—A correspondent of the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, the leading Democratic paper of the South, writing from Vincennes, in this State, says:

"The Republicans in this portion of the State are thoroughly organized, while the Democrats are awaiting the result of the Baltimore Convention. The preference of a majority of the Democrats is Douglas; but by way of compromise Brockenridge or Guthrie would get the full party vote of the Northwest. It will require good engineering on the part of the Democrats to carry the State this fall. Trusting for the success of the Democratic ticket, I am your friend, &c."

Coming from an opponent of the Republican party, this may be considered pretty safe news.

It is stated that Dr. O. W. Holmes delivered an address before the Massachusetts Medical Society a few days ago, in which he declared, in plain language, that mankind had been dragged to death; that whatever would injure a well man would injure a sick one; and that the world would be better off if the contents of every apothecary shop were emptied in the sea, though the consequences to the fishes would be lamentable. A long discussion was held on the propriety of publishing the address, though it was finally voted by the small majority of nine to give it to the public, but with a modification on the first page that the Society was not responsible for the sentiments it contained.

When Capt. Briggs was making a Republican speech in Sullivan a few days ago, and when he came to speak of "Hon. Old Abe Lincoln," a Douglas Democrat in the audience, hallowed at the top of his voice, "Who is Abe Lincoln?" The Captain paused for a moment, and then said, "Go and ask Stephen A. Douglas who Abe Lincoln is. He knew him in 1858, and I warrant you he has not, nor ever will forget him."

The asker asked no more.

It follows is from the Indianapolis Journal of yesterday:

CUMBERLAND, June 13, 1860. B. R. Scalesworth—Dear Sir: There were delegates to the Baltimore Convention in town to-day. They got on the wrong train and stopped here, and are now being taken back to Indianapolis in a spring wagon. They are from Louisiana and Tennessee, and are about drunk enough to have a taste of our "free institutions."

## The subject is Mr. Greeley's letter to Mr. Seward.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11, 1854.

GEO. SEWARD—Dear Sir: The election is over and its results sufficiently ascertained. It seems to me a fitting time to announce to you the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley, by the withdrawal of the junior partner, and the first of the month of the morning after the first of Thursday in February next, and as it may seem a great presumption in me to assume that any such firm exists, especially since the public was advised more than a year ago by an editorial in the Evening Journal, formally reading me out of the Whig party. That I was no longer esteemed useful or ornamental in the canvass. You will, I am sure, indulge me in some reminiscence which seem to befit the occasion.

I was a poor young printer, an editor of a literary journal, a very active and bitter Whig in a small way, but not seeking to be known by any of my own ward committee. When, after the great political revolution of 1852, I was one day called to the City Hotel where two strangers introduced themselves as Thurlow Weed and Lewis Benedict of Albany. They told me that a cheap campaign paper, of a peculiar stamp at Albany, had been resolved upon, and that I had been selected to edit it. The announcement might well be deemed flattering by one who had never even sought the notice of the great, and who was not known as a partisan writer, and I eagerly embraced their proposition. They asked me to fix my salary for a year. I named \$1000 which they agreed to, and I did the work required to the best of my ability. It was work that made no figure and created no sensation; but I loved it, and I did it well. When it was done, you were Governor, dispensing offices worth from \$3000 to \$30,000 per year to your friends and compatriots, and I returned to my garret and my crust, and by desperate battle with pecuniary obligations heaped upon me by had partners in business, and the disastrous event of 1857, I believe it did not occur to me that some one of these abundant places might have been offered me without injustice. I now think it should have occurred to you. If it did occur to me I was not the man to ask you for it. I think that should not have been necessary. I only remember that no friend at all inquired as to my pecuniary circumstances; that your friend, but not mine, Robert C. Wetmore, was one of the chief dispensers of your patronage, and that such devoted contributors as A. H. Wells, and John Hawks, were lifted by you out of pauperism into independence, as I am glad to say, was not, and yet an inquiry from you as to need and means at that time would have been timely and held ever in grateful remembrance.

In the Harrison campaign of 1849 I was again designated to edit a campaign paper. I published it as well and ought to have made something by it in spite of its extremely low price. My extreme poverty was the main reason why I did not. I was compelled to hire press work, mailing &c., done by the job, and high charges for extra work nearly ate me up at the close. I being still without property and in debt. Now came the great scramble of the swell mob of con men and eider suckers at Washington, I not being counted in. Several regiments of them went on from this city, but no one of the whole crowd, though I say it who should not, had done so much towards Gen. Harrison's nomination and election as yours respectfully. I asked nothing, expected nothing, but Gov. Seward ought to have asked that I might be Post Master of New York. Your asking would have been in vain, but it would have been an act of grace neither wasted nor undeserved. I soon after started the Tribune, because I was urged to do so by certain of your friends, and because such a paper was needed here. I was promised certain pecuniary aid. In so doing it might have been given me without cost or risk to any one. All I ever had was a loan by piece meal of \$1000 from Jas. Cugshall, God bless his honored memory. I did not ask for this. I received it is the sole case in which I ever incurred a pecuniary favor from a political associate. I am very thankful that he did not die till he was fully repaid, and let me here honor one grateful recollection. When the Whig party under your rule had offices to give, my name was never thought of; but when in '42, '43, we were hopelessly out of power I was honored with the party nomination for State Printer. When we came again to have a State printer to elect as well as nominate the place went to Weed &c. It was worth something to know that there was once a time when it was not deemed too great a sacrifice to recognize me as belonging to your household. If a new office had not since been created on purpose to give its valuable patronage to H. J. Raymond and Samuel S. John, to show forth the Times as the organ of the Whig State Administration, I should have been still grateful. In 1848 your star again rose. My warmest hopes were realized in your election to the Senate. I was no longer needy, and had no more desire to be recognized by Gen. Taylor. I think I had some claim to forbearance from you. What I received from you was a most humiliating lecture in the shape of a decision in the libel case of Redfield and Pringle, and an obligation to publish it in my own and other journals of your supposed firm. I thought, and still think, this to be unreasonably cruel and mortifying. The plaintiff, for using my columns to the test of their needs and desires, stopped writing, and called on me for the name of their assailant. I proffered it to them, a thoroughly responsible name. They refused to accept it unless it should prove to be one of the four or five first men in the State. When they had known from the first who it was, and that it was neither of them, they would not accept that which they had demanded. They asked me instead for money, and money you were at liberty to give them to your heart's content. I do not think you were at liberty to humiliate me in the eyes of my own and your public as you did. If I am not mistaken this judgment is the only speech, letter or document addressed to the public in which you ever recognized my existence. I hope I may not go down to posterity as an embittered thorn. I think you exalted your own judicial sternness and fearlessness at my expense. I think you had a better occasion for the display of these

## qualities when Webb threw himself un-

timely upon you for a person, which he had done all a man could to merit. I have referred to Weed's reading me out of the Whig party, my crime being in this, as in some other things, that of doing to day what more polite persons will not be ready to do to-morrow.

Let me speak of the late canvass. I was once sent to Congress for ninety days, merely to enable Jim Brooks to secure a seat therein for four years. I think I never hunted to any human being that I should have liked to be put forward for any place, but James W. White—you hardly know how good and true a man he is—started my name for Congress, and Brooks' packed delegation thought I could help him through, so I was put on behind him, but this last Spring, after the Nebraska question had created a new state of things at the North, two personal friends, of no political consideration, suggested my name as a candidate for Governor, and I did not disapprove them. Soon the persons who were afterwards mainly instrumental in nominating Clark, came about me and asked if I could secure the Know Nothing vote. I told him I neither could or would touch it, on the contrary I loathed and repelled it. Thereupon they turned upon Clark.

Just nothing, did nothing; a hundred people asked me who should be run for Governor. I sometimes indicated Patterson. I never hinted at my own name, but by and by Weed came down and called me to him to tell why he could not support me for Governor. I had never asked or counted on his support. I am sure Weed did not mean to humiliate, but he did it. The upshot of his discourse being rationally stated was this:—If I were a candidate I should beat not myself only, but you. Perhaps that was true, but I had in no manner solicited his or your support. I thought this might have been said to my friends rather than to me. I suspect it is true that I could not have been elected as a Whig, but had he and you been favorable, there would have been a party in the State ere this which could and would have elected me to any post without injuring itself or endangering your re-election. It was in vain that I urged that I had in no manner asked a contribution. At length I was nettled by his language, well intended, but cutting, as addressed by him to me in substance, well meant Patterson Governor and my name for Lieut., to lose this place is a matter of no importance and we can see whether I am really so odious. I should have hated to serve Lieut. Gov., but I should have gloried in running for the post. I want to have my enemies all upon me at once. I am tired of fighting them piecemeal, and though I should have been beaten in the canvass, I know that my running would have helped the ticket and helped my paper. It was thought best to let the matter take another course, no other name could have been put on the ticket so bitterly humiliating as this was selected. The nomination was given to Raymond, the fight left to me and Gov. Seward, and I have made it though it may be conceded to me to say so. What little fight there has been I have stirred up. Even Weed has not been, I speak of his paper, hearty in this contest, while the journal of the Whig Lieut. Gov. has taken care of his own interest, and let the canvass take care of itself, as it rarely does. It would do that journal has, because of its milk and water, some 20,000 subscribers in this city and its suburbs, and of those 20,000 I venture to say more voted for Ulman and Scroggs than for Clark and Raymond. The Tribune also, because of its character has but 8,000 subscribers within the same radius, and I venture to say nine tenths voted for Clark and Raymond, very few for Ulman and Scroggs. I had to bear the brunt of the contest and take a terrible responsibility in order to prevent the Whigs uniting upon James W. Barker in order to defeat Fernando Wood. Had Barker been elected neither you nor I could walk these streets without being booed, and know Nothings would have swept like a prairie fire.

I stopped Barker's election at the cost of incurring the deadliest enmity of the defeated gang, and I have been rebuked for it by the Lieutenant Governor's paper at the critical moment he came out against John Wheeler in favor of Charles B. Marshall, who would have been your deadliest enemy in the House, and even your Colonel General's paper, which was ever with me in insisting that Wheeler should be returned, wheeled about at the last moment, and went in for Marshall, the Tribune alone clinging to Wheeler to the last. I rejoice that they turned so suddenly were not able to turn all their readers for Seward.

I know that some of your most cherished friends think me a great obstacle in your advancement, that John Schreder, for one, insists that I and Weed shall not be identified with me, and I trust at a time you will not let I trust I shall have as further wish, but to glide out of the newspaper world as quietly and as speedily as possible—join my family in Europe, and if possible stay there quiet, long enough to cool my fevered brain and renovate my overworked energies. All that I ask is, that we shall be counted even on the morning after the first Tuesday in February, as aforesaid, and I may thereafter take such course as seems best, without reference to the past. You have done me acts of "valued kindness in the line of your profession; let me close with the assurance, that these will ever be remembered by yours.

## HORACE GREELEY.

A STANLEY IN SOUTHERN INDIANA.—The old German daily newspaper, the Volksbode of Evansville, Ind., which has been Democratic in politics from its first issue, has boasted the names of Lincoln and Hamlin, and is doing battle valiantly for the Republican cause. The Volksbode was Anti-Leocompton during the presidency of that issue, and has now operated entirely from the southern party, which it has served so long. The result of its movement has been a tremendous stampede of German voters in Southern Indiana and the Wabash counties of Illinois to the Republican ranks.

It follows is from the Indianapolis Journal of yesterday:

DELaware Republican, both Fillmore papers in 1856, are out for Lincoln and Hamlin. Delaware was fully represented in the Chicago Convention.

He took from his pocket several well worn letters, and drawing a small lamp towards him, proceeded, by its flickering light to read them.

On opening a week later, the same gentleman entered one of the most fashionable

## hotels in the great American metropolis.

He inquired at the clerk's office for letters that have been received during his absence.

When he receives them, the first envelope upon which his eyes fasten is the one directed by the well known hand of Edith. With a light joyous heart, and a countenance radiant with happiness, he seats himself in his own room, to peruse those sacred pages to him, because penned by her.

"It is so kind in Edith," said he as he broke the seal, "to write to me, so that I should receive her letter immediately upon my return. She knew that I would be so anxious to hear from her. How very thoughtful she is."

He reads. "Does his eyes deceive him? Her faith in me shaken? I can no longer place any reliance upon my word, she thinks that I am trifling with her. Edith you never could have loved me so you would not have written such bitter, bitter things." He thought of her emotion when she was introduced to him, knew that she was at first disappointed in him, and the conviction forced itself upon him now, that she had discovered that she had mistaken her feelings of admiring friendship, for love. Edith, if you did not love me, why did you not frankly tell me so? Why have you thus cruelly driven me from you? I can't explain it. All that I know, is the painful fact. Nothing now remains for me to do, but to attempt to seek forgiveness of past happiness in study. Labor the most intense, has now become the necessity of my life. Edith, thus has been for months my heart's idol, and none other shall ever take thy place. When I have overcome the first bitterness of this great sorrow, I shall look back upon the hours spent in thy society, when I felt that I was blessed with thy love, as the only green spot in life's dreary waste."

He laid his arms upon the table before him, and rested his head upon them. Thus he remained, bowed by anguish for hours. When the night was far past, rising, he exclaimed, "Edith may you never know what it is to have the hopes of your young life crushed, as you have crushed mine. I would cheerfully have devoted my existence to the promotion of your happiness. I must think of that no longer. You have gone from my life, perhaps to bless another with your love. I must not allow thoughts of you to take the entire possession of my mind. I must begin its discipline immediately."

## CHAPTER VII.

The long spring comes dancing lightly.

Our the heart's best thoughts. The long-sought brother has been welcomed home. Preparations are being made upon a grand scale for the wedding which is to take place the next week in New York, has sought her library, weary and heart sick. Upon her lap an open book. Her head thrown back, tears against the back of her easy chair, and her eyes are closed. She hears not an approaching foot-step, nor is she conscious of the presence of Dr. Murray. Still his hand is laid upon her head, and the words—

"My child," uttered from his lips.

"Dear uncle, I am so glad you have come. I have long wished to talk with you."

Edith, the time was when a day did not pass without your voice being heard, making music in my quiet, lonely hours. During the past winter you have seldom visited the parsonage. You are sadly changed, my dear child. You wrong those who are so deeply interested in your welfare, those who would make every effort to render you happy; yes, worse than that, you wrong yourself, by shutting yourself out from the companionship and sympathy of your friends, by burying yourself in this room with your books. You deprive your parents, you deprive me, of your society. By so doing you fail in the discharge of your duty to them, to the world."

You must arouse yourself, you must wake to the realities of life. You must not lose all the charms there are in existence by being so completely absorbed by this one sorrow that you can think of nothing else. Life is full of disappointments and you should be thankful that you have lived thus long without experiencing any of those severe trials which almost crush a young and hopeful heart. There is every thing around you to inspire you with gratitude, and aid forth hymns of praise."

"When Aunt Edith died, and you consoled the beloved form of your youthful bride to earth's green bosom, did you feel like singing songs of thanksgiving and praise?"

"We are happy or miserable, my child, by comparison. If I had sat down and questioned God's wisdom in taking her to himself, or if I had compared my lot with your father's, or any other man's, whose home was endeared to him by a wife's loving smile, and the joyous prattle of innocent children, I probably should have the world at my feet. I was hardly dealt with by that Father who afflicts not in wrath, but in mercy, and should not have felt like praising him for all his goodness to me. After the violence of the grief had subsided, I devoted myself with renewed energy to the duties of my holy office. When I have visited the sick and the needy, I have felt thankful that I had the will and possessed the means to relieve such suffering, by ministering to the wants of those whose necessities were greater than mine. When I have stood by the bedside of the dying, and have felt that he passed through the dark valley of death, with no ray of heavenly light to dissipate its gloom, I have thanked God that for my Edith it was illumined by a Savior's love. When I have seen others weep over the surrender of the dearest earthly ties, and have known that the promises of the Bible, which are as precious to me, have afforded no consolation to them, I have thanked my Heavenly Father for his distinguishing love for me. Now that I have discovered by experience, that our capacities are as great for suffering as they are for happiness, and that there is experienced more of the former than the latter, as long as we are inhabitants of this sinful world, I have been thankful that early in life, ere a shade of sorrow had rested upon her brow, my Edith became

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## The Portrait, or an Author's Courtship.

CHAPTER VI.

Three weeks later, Mr. and Mrs. R. and Edith were sitting in her library. The latter, after several ineffectual attempts to be more interested in the book she was reading, laid it aside, and moved a little while she asked her mother if her father always fulfilled his promises and came to see her when he said he would.

"Certainly, my dear."

"Suppose, while he was paying his addresses to you that he had designated an evening which he would spend with you, and did not do it, nor send you any apology for the non performance of his promise, what would you have thought of his conduct?"

"I should have thought I had been treated with insulting indifference, and should have resented it by never allowing him an opportunity to slight me again. When a gentleman makes an engagement with a lady, and does not fulfill it, and offers no apology for it, if the woman has any spirit she will resent it as an insult."

"Mr. Villeneuve promised to visit me one day this week, and now it is Saturday, he has not come and I have not heard from him. I am more surprised at it as for months there has not been such a length of time elapse between receiving his letters. What construction can I put upon his singular behavior?"

"If he has professed a high respect for you, you must think that his conduct is inconsistent with his professions, and that he has not shown you proper respect, that kind of respect which is due a lady from a gentleman. If he were in your place I would give Mr. Villeneuve to understand that I would not be trifled with. He'll like you all the better for it. If he then early begins to neglect you the sooner you banish him from your heart as unworthy your love the better."